The Bystander, June 14, 1916.—No. 654. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Folas Studios*

THE HUMAN KITCHENER

A reminiscent snapshot of our late Minister for War in happy days when he was in his true element as British representative at Cairo. He is shown watching an exhibition of trick-riding by Bedouin horsemen at Minieh

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

"CO-ORDINATION"

Quite Simple

I PAY my tribute to Kitchener on another page. What exercises the mind now is the effect of his tragic disappearance on the working of the war. It has been kindly said that everything has now been so happily arranged at the War Office that it needs no longer the presence there of the "K." type of controller. It has been discovered that, after all, a mere politician or business man (the one who happens to be "behind" one's own particular paper) might do all that is necessary, seeing that we have a Chief of Staff for strategy, a Minister for munitions, and Conscription for "recruiting." Maybe. The absence from the War Council, however, of the man who proved right on so many occasions is more serious than his absence from a department that no one man outside High Heaven could control successfully.

THE HARD-HITTER

General Brussiloff, commanding the Russian armies which last week dealt such crushing blows along 100 miles of front till lately held by the Austrians

When "K" was in Control

WHAT are the occasions on which "K." proved right and others wrong will be known one day—perhaps soon—and they will, I believe, prove at least as numerous as those in which the reverse was the case. If there was one phase of the war that was definitely successful it was that which began at Mons and ended at the Marne, and that was the period when Kitchener was in complete control over here. The "gambles" followed that period. We now enter the phase in which Kitchener is not there.

"Let's Co-ordinate"

OUR dear old friend Co-ordination has emerged once more. The signal for its emergence is always the arrival of one of the Allied Ministries in the capital of the other. Suddenly, as always, we learned that M. Briand, General Joffre, and other notable Frenchmen had arrived in London, and out, as usual, crept Co-ordination into the columns of the Press. The object of the mission, as on each of the twenty or so previous occasions when there have been War Councils, is proclaimed to be "to secure co-ordination in the operations on the various fronts."

We Know How To Do It—

NOW Co-ordination is certainly a splendid idea. But, though not a bigoted partisan of politicians, no matter which country they belong to, I do not hold them in such supreme contempt as do my esteemed contemporaries when they assume that none of them have also possessed it. According to our Press, the men who rule us live in a perpetual state of sleepy bewilderment. Then, regularly, some fine morning, one of them suddenly wakes up and says, "Let's co-ordinate." "Splendid," choruses the Cabinet, and off goes a wire to Briand, or Joffre, or Salandra, or Sazonoff. "Come at once. Co-ordination."

—But So Do Our Enemies

IT is never supposed that co-ordination is what each and all the Allies have been trying to get from the first day of the war, and that it is exactly what they have got, and have been living on ever since. Without doubt, from the beginning, the Allies have had a common plan. The only trouble is that so also have the enemies; that the enemies have, on certain memorable occasions, got to work on their plan just a little ahead of us, and that as a result our plan has had to be postponed or abandoned.

Russia Quite All There

I KNOW no military secrets, but I have more than a shrewd suspicion that the great Russian blow at Austria, which brings such good cheer to our hearts and causes such boundings in the markets, was the keynote of the plan drawn up by the Allies at a Conference of many months ago. On this occasion the plan has been successful, for it is as clear as daylight that the Russians have caught the Austrians when they least expected it, and caught them thoroughly. If Russia should continue on her glorious way, the whole Austro-German co-ordination plan for this summer will prove, for the second time in the war—the first was the original plan of August, 1914—to have been a ghastly blunder. The Austro-German plan clearly assumed that Russia was quite out of action, and that it would be perfectly safe to devote all the combined energies to a concerted swoop against the West. Well, Russia, as in the beginning, has proved that she is all there, and more so, and once again she has enacted the rôle of Nemesis.

Italy, too

TRIBUTE has been paid to the part played by the defenders of Verdun in holding up the enemy so long, and with such terrible losses, but not enough has been said of the equally splendid way in which our Italian Allies have withstood the frantic attacks on them. After all, it has been due to their

(Continued on page 473)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

THE COMMANDER OF THE WESTERN BATTLE-LINE

General Joffre on his visit to London last week. With him is General Roques, Minister of War in the French Cabinet

holding of the flower of the Austrian armies that Russia has been able to strike what may prove to be the knock-out blow. And then. . . .

⁂ ⁂

Business After the War

WELL, the discussion of trade conditions after the war shows that our statesmen are getting ready to tackle the next great problem. Here, again, our newspapers seem to take it for granted that only they themselves have given any attention to the economic problem. They also seem to suppose that there are people in the Cabinet who look at our trade future only through the old spectacles of Free Trade and Tariff Reform. I don't believe there remains a man in the Cabinet who cares a fig for either shibboleth. Neither can breathe the atmosphere of the day. While it sounds all very proper that we should exclude the Hun for ever from our markets as a means of punishing him for his war-crimes, it has to be remembered that our gallant Allies may have their own particular views on the subject, which even the eloquent Mr. Hughes may not have had an opportunity of considering.

⁂ ⁂

!!!

FROM the *British Weekly* I learn (with blushes) that a sentence in a recent BYSTANDER was read out with approval and preached upon by Dr. Campbell Morgan at the Westminster Chapel—the sentence, "A dull dog-look on the face is no proof of Christian conduct." The other day it was the police-court, then the House of Commons, now it is the pulpit. The transition leaves us breathless and bewildered, and asking ourselves "Where next?"

(Continued on page 475)

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 473)

Photograph *Central Press*

BRIG.-GEN. WILFRED ELLERSHAW

General Staff Officer at the War Office

A Campaign Against "Luxury"

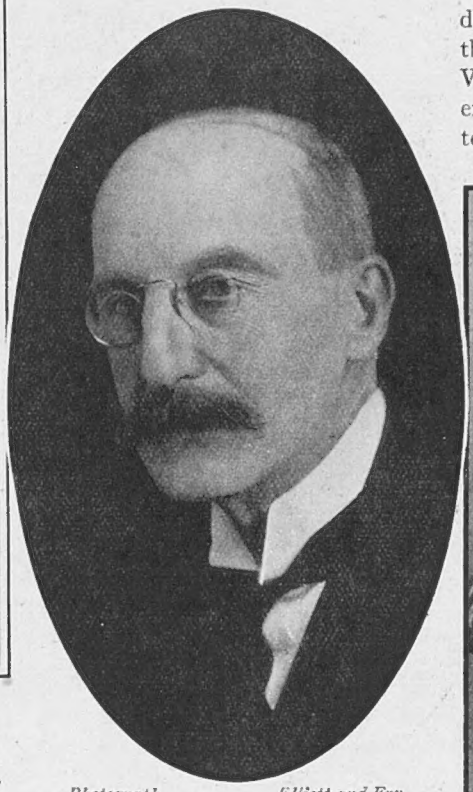
An esteemed correspondent at the Front invites The Bystander to take the lead in a campaign against the riot of luxury and extravagance which he alleges to be in progress over here. Frankly, the prospect of taking the lead in anything is one from which I recoil anyway. If I were to take the lead against extravagance, it would not be to denounce that of the poor bewildered public, but of the Great Ones who are eternally preaching, but do not practise. To do that, however, would be gross extravagance on *my* part, for any denunciations of which The Bystander might be guilty would have to be paid for, at a rapidly rising rate, in the usual law courts.

⚜

But Is It Extravagance?

It would be a good thing if our economaniacs realised the actual facts. Those people whom they see at the theatres, restaurants, and such places are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, there just that once in order to provide some diversion for soldier friends in receipt of marching orders or four days' leave. All this much-abused "pleasure" of ours is enjoyed "wi' deeficulty" indeed, for beneath it all is almost invariably the note of sorrow or anxiety.

ALL LOST IN THE "HAMPSHIRE"



Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

SIR H. F. DONALDSON, K.C.B.

Technical Adviser to the Ministry of Munitions

Horrible!

The war has had the useful effect of eliminating bombast from the diction of nearly all the writers in Europe. Might we hope that those who have not been subjected to its tortures and privations also adopt the softer, gentler tone? There was a very pompous complaint in the *Times* last week from "An American Citizen" because—because the Blockade of the Central Empires involves delays in the correspondence of American business men in London! Dear, dear! But may I suggest that it is thanks to the said Blockade of the Central Empires that these American business men are able to cross the pond at all, and that a day or two's delay in receiving their precious letters is not much for them to have to endure?

⚜

Special Battalions

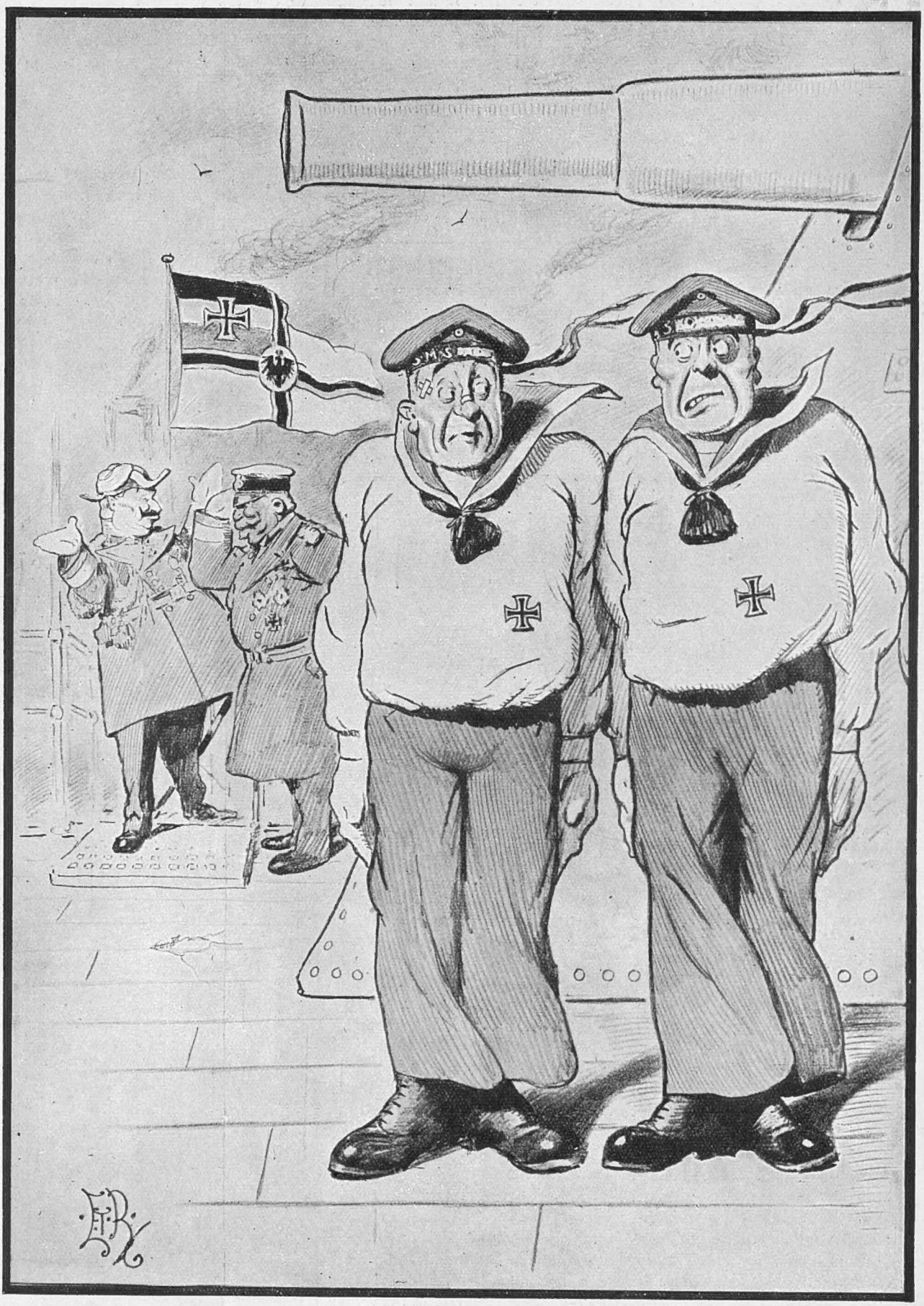
If the new War Minister should be so dreadful a thing as a politician—for instance, Mr. Bonar Law—and on the look-out for ultimate votes, here is a suggestion:—Let him make his first act the formation of Special Battalions. The later groups will be found to make really admirable soldiers if enabled to serve with men of their own class. Military men assure me that such a scheme is perfectly workable. He will make himself positively the darling of the electorate if he solves the problem of how to use the Volunteers, and, incidentally, emancipates them from that terrifying G. R.-mlet.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

LIEUT.-COLONEL OSWALD A. G. FITZGERALD, C.M.G.

Personal Military Secretary to, and close friend of, the late Lord Kitchener

"The Price of Admiralty"



HUN A.B.: "'Lor' lummich, Fritz! 'Ere comes 'E!! Und the All-'Ighest Face that 'orrible, grateful, KISSING-look has!!! I begin to vish ve not so glorious a 'Cherman Victory' won had!!!"

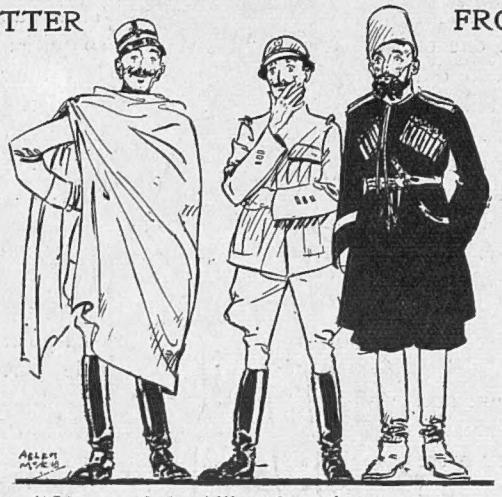
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *June* 12, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN—

OUR Allies have often admired us for the wonderful way we manage to conceal our feelings. And they never cease to marvel at our manner of carrying on with the usual gaieties and things the while the vastest war in history rages only a few miles away.



"If any of the Allies aforesaid were among us taking notes"

⁂ ⁂

BUT I do think that last week we came near upsetting our record and expressing, as well as feeling, some emotion over the war. Even when the naval battle turned out to be really a victory, there were those terrible losses, which strike home to us much more when they are naval, because of the shock with which they come on us, and the way in which thousands of men are gone all at once. But even more, I think, Lord Kitchener's death and the manner of it appealed to the imagination of the British public—which is rather hard to rouse.

⁂ ⁂

A MAN—that's something the man in the street *can* understand much better than an event, which even the man in the mansion is sometimes slow to grasp. I think women sometimes see the human side of big things that happen quicker than men do. And "K.," I suppose, was for so many people the personification of the idea of the Army and the Government and the nation all rolled into one.

⁂ ⁂

AFTER the first shock, though, we recovered ourselves quite marvellously. All the Royalties cancelled their engagements, and a race meeting's been put off, but spite of the fact that there are two great Memorial Services this week—Lord Kitchener's and that for all those gallant men of ours who perished in the great sea battle—not a theatre is closing down nor a function cancelled. We are managing to preserve (with a little more effort than usual) our Stoic calm. And if we can do it after all that has happened lately—Well, I don't think anything's *ever* going to overthrow it, do you?

⁂ ⁂

IN the meantime "Pell Mell," the newest revue, has appeared, and a new opera season opened, and people dine and sup with as much fervour, and the people who dance, dance. If there were any of our Allies taking notes among us last week, they must have been impressed with our courage. But personally I found it was rather difficult keeping cheery last week. It's a matter of the point of view, I suppose.

A TRENCH-WORN Captain says, "You might like to know that even here we are practising war-time economy—in space, anyway. Our dug-out table measures 2ft. 6in. by 4ft., and on it are the remains of three lunches, spoons, forks, six mugs, two containing rum, one saucer of melting butter, three water-bottles, one whisky bottle (empty), two bottles of Worcester Sauce, some bread, assorted correspondence and orders, two electric torches (one out of order), one pipe, two tins of jam, one piece of soap, some tooth paste, and a toothbrush, one tin of John Cotton, four Very lights, some chocolate, and—a BYSTANDER." Don't wonder they fly to Turkish baths and mufti when they get home!

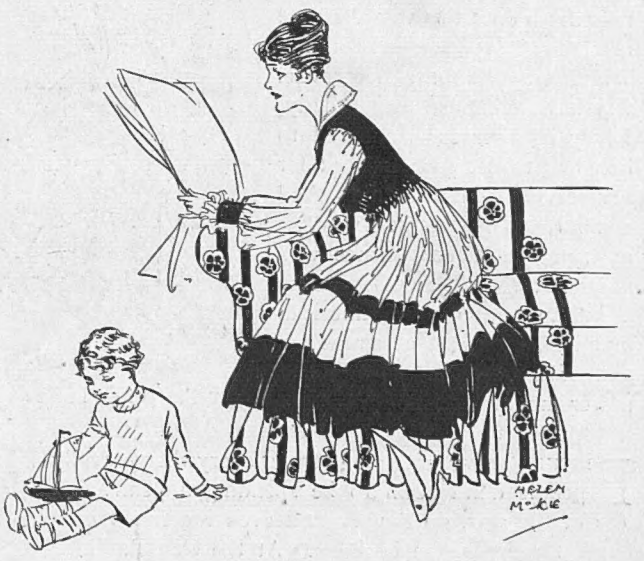
⁂ ⁂

A CERTAIN young F.O.O. sends along the following to show why he turns to the trenches "for peace and quiet, in spite of the din of battle and the nasty habits of the Hun":

My leave is o'er, once more I'm back to the Brigade,
To the noise of the aerial torpedo, the whine of the rifle grenade.
On leave friends I met, quite half a score,
Some I loved years ago—and two more!
But it doesn't do to love more than four.
I found that out—three strafed me sore.
So up at dawn, I'm content with my lot,
Through a loophole spying the latest Hun plot.
Then I switch on the guns with a rousing salvo,
It's good to be back again—Cheery oh!

I quite believe, as he says, that he's "no relation

(*Continued on page 478*)



"It was rather difficult keeping cheery last week"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 477)

of the Poet Laureate or anyone." But it gives you just an idea, doesn't it, of how glad they are to get away from us?

⁂ ⁂

MORE trouble, by the way, about my sex. A smart lad on one of H.M.'s T.B.D.'s—the "arm" which did so splendidly in the great battle—tells me his mess is divided into two camps. One maintains that "Blanche" is "an elderly gentleman blessed with a sense of humour. The other that you are really—well, just Blanche." And another, who hails from overseas, wants me to *wire* him what is the truth, "'cos I shall feel such an awful fool *if*, etc."

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS—really a quiet Whitsun, and for the populace anyway, of course, holidays aren't what they were since the Munitions Minister and Irish pacificator cut down the drinking hours so drastically. This week there's the Horse Show at Richmond, with heaps of attractive features, including Royal patronage, a great sale of gift horses, Costers' Marathons, *and* THE BYSTANDER Cup. I'm going, of course (horses are so comforting), and so they say are the Queens, Mary and Alexandra and Her Majesty of Portugal, who doesn't go to the Royal tailors for *her* coats and skirts. Also, there's opera at the Aldwych — *Tristan* and *Boris Godounoff* (of course, *sans* the immortal Chaliapin), and *The Magic Flute* and *Otello*, and other of Sir Thomas Beecham's pet productions.

"Don't wonder they fly to Turkish baths and mufti"

⁂ ⁂

PARLIAMENT, I suppose, will start voting more and more money the moment it meets next week—wonderful where it all comes from, isn't it?—and meantime selected Ministers are discussing the question in Paris, where they know there is a war. There are the usual round of charity matinées, but no mammoth ones this week, several new plays, in spite of Summer Time, and yet another new revue, where the American leading lady, Levey by name, is rumoured to be going to get £500 a week for her services—in war-time. And rumour, too, by the way, is marrying a Greek prince who stays at Marlborough House a lot to one of our American invaders, widowed, charming, and, of course, rich. What a power money is, isn't it?

"I'm going, horses are so comforting"

⁂ ⁂

PICTURE shows are going strong everywhere—really people don't seem to be spending a penny less 'cos of the war, do they?—and even the funny ones haven't retired from business. At the Goupil, where the London Group are showing, the "rebels" are as amusing, and just as clever, as ever—the Vorticists and the Futurists and the Neo-Realists and the Cubists and the Heaven-knows-whatists. And all their leaders are on show, Allinson and Epstein and Gertler and Nevinson and Kramer and Sickert, etc. Their painting's very good, I'm sure—it's so quite unlike *anything* at the Academy! But their subjects! A top-hat, however wonderfully worked, leaves me cold somehow; so does a suburban street; and as for the Epstein whatever-they-are's. . . .

⁂ ⁂

MUCH more of the pretty-pretty school, of course—the show at the Grafton, where there are some of Sargent's charcoal portrait drawings and other fashionable portraitists, Lavery and Shannon and Ranken and Fiddes Watts, have sent their fashionable sitters—in aid of the Red Cross.

⁂ ⁂

AND Gaby of the Lilies is back in England—that's another little bit of war-news. Don't wonder she, and others, stick to England and America nowadays, do you? They don't seem to have much room for the lighter things of life in Paris just now. Read Mr. John Raphael's article in the *English Review* this month if you want to know all about it.

⁂ ⁂

THERE, he says, they really do think only about the war. But all the same, they aren't depressed—which is rather a knock at what seems to be our great reason for doing the everything-as-usual touch. I mean, people are always telling us—aren't they?—that if we didn't keep on having new revues every week and all sorts of other shows we should get so terribly humped we simply shouldn't have any spirit left to carry on the war with.

⁂ ⁂

BUT I wonder what Gaby and all the other French and American and (just a few) English actors and actresses and people will do if the Government insist on cutting down cars and petrol as they threaten to. Take away half the glamour, won't it, if they have to drive up to the stage-door in a No. oo motor-'bus instead of a 60 h.p. white and gold Rolls-Royce with platinum fittings and clocks and mirrors and bouquets all over the place?

⁂ ⁂

AND it won't be half so amusing for the jaunty R.N.A.S. and Motor Transport men, either, if they really do what someone suggests and stop every O.H.M.S. car that's got a skirt in it and ask whether the lady's there on business. Positive riot there'd be among the flappers, wouldn't there?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Warfare :—Wherefore War-Fair

Miss McKie's sketches show the monster War Fair at the Caledonian Market on June 6 and 7, where all "the" people in London had stalls. In the centre at the top will be seen a wounded British soldier selling goods made by disabled Belgians; while lower down charming vendors may be observed getting rid of their stock at record rates. The National Guard men were very much in evidence helping and directing

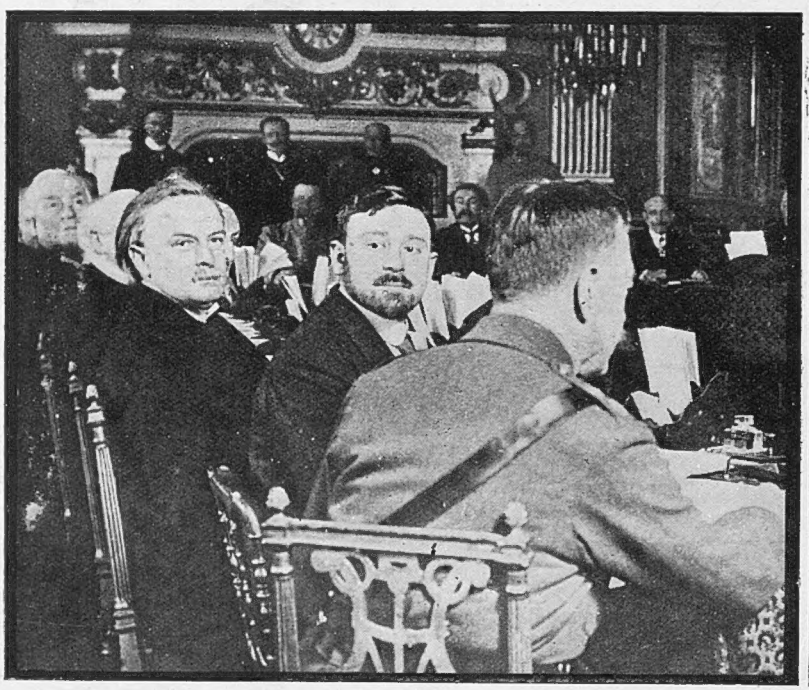
K. in Four Phases

AS WAR MINISTER

Taken only a fortnight ago on his way to the House of Commons to answer criticisms of the conduct of the war

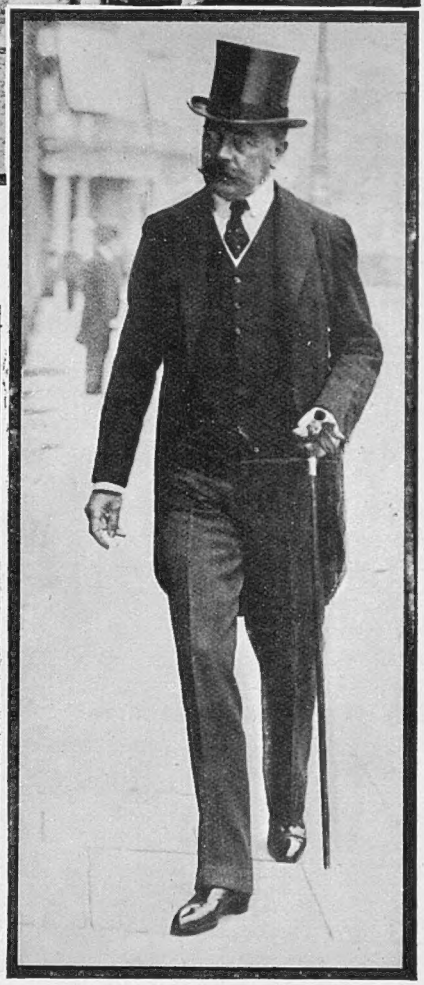
AS SOLDIER

A visit to the wounded Indians at Brighton. Earl Kitchener talking to a gallant Indian V.C.



A STATESMAN

At a recent conference of the Allies in Paris



AS AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

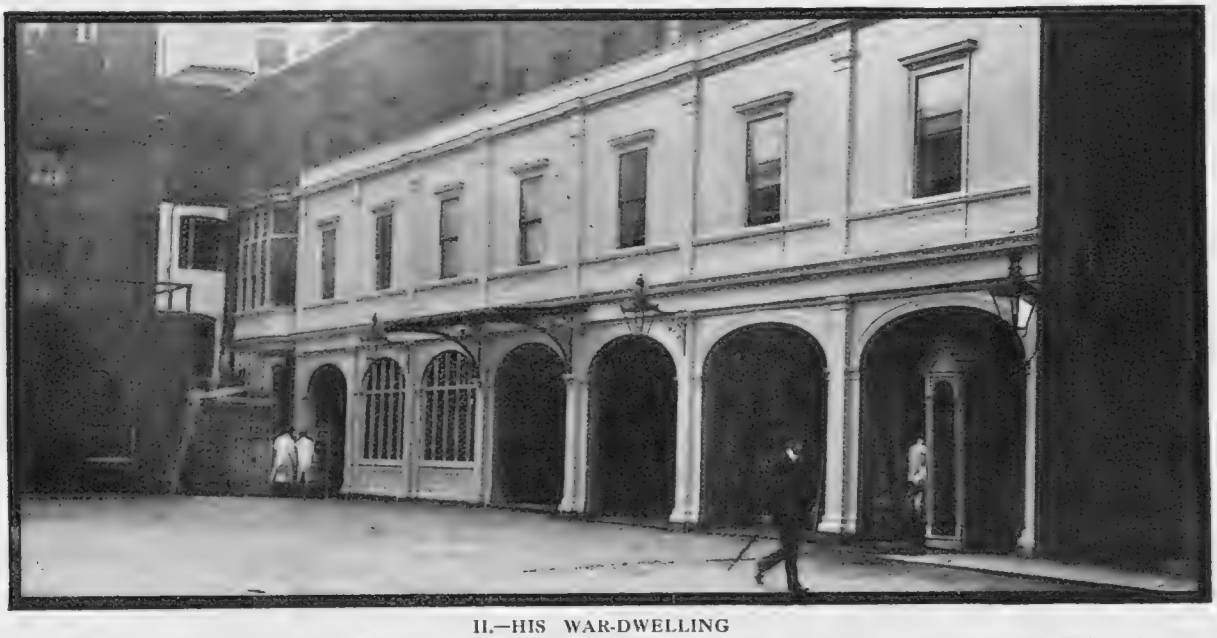
The Field-Marshal in Mufti

Three Homes

OF KITCHENER IN THREE CHAPTERS OF HIS LIFE

I.—HIS BIRTHPLACE

Gunsborough House, Listowel, co. Kerry, the quaint (and now historic) old house where Lord Kitchener was born sixty-six years ago. Its plain and severe lines may have had an unseen influence on the character of the great Field-Marshal



II.—HIS WAR-DWELLING

York House, St. James's Palace, which was placed at Earl Kitchener's disposal by H.M. the King at the outbreak of hostilities, when he became Secretary of State for War

Photographs] III.—HIS HOME IN PEACE *[Sport and Genera*

Broome Park, Canterbury, where Earl Kitchener spent what little leisure time he had. His life was so devoted to the service of his country all over the world that only a very small portion of it was spent in England. In the rooms at Broome, Lord Kitchener kept his collection of antiques and curios

The Kitchener "Legend"

BY VIVIAN CARTER

Some people use that expression in a sense unfriendly to the hero of the *Hampshire*: there have been people in all ages who have regarded all heroes as "legends," from the Universal Hero downwards. Because they hear his voice, and are familiar with his presence, they seek for faults, and find them. The Israelites of old found faults with the conduct of their campaign for the Promised Land, for it, too, lasted an inordinate time and refused, for forty years, to yield a "decision." All down Time heroes, while they lived, have been called "legends."

—•••—

There will be a Kitchener legend, when the poets have had time to get to work on it—the legend of a man once who looked like a great man. Large of presence, handsome, steely of eye, stern of word, and sure of action. He belonged to the British people, and the British people were inordinately proud of him, for they were unaccustomed to great men of that type. They knew the orator, the dreamer, and the explorer; but the man of blood and iron seemed a German monopoly, and the British were very glad to find it was not. So they set to work to live up to Kitchener.

—•••—

The way they did it was subtle to a degree. In order to deserve Kitchener they had to produce tasks of the kind that only Kitchener could do. The Kitchener "job" was the kind of job that everybody else would have made a muddle of. We produced the first real Kitchener job in South Africa—a campaign which had been undertaken by the usual people in the usual way, with the usual results. Underestimate the enemy, inadequate forces, chaos; then Kitchener found the way out of the South African mess. Not by bold and dashing strategy, but by hard grinding work and tenacity. He froze the Boers out, and, having done that, he warmed them back again. South Africa was the cleanest job in the history of the Empire. Kitchener's victory took long to gain, but it lasted. It was Kitchener who paved the way for Botha, and what Botha was to mean to the Empire afterwards.

—•••—

It took the British people twelve years to discover the next K. job, but it was the real thing when it came—a war in which the whole Empire would fight on a front that was limited only by the earth's dimensions. Kitchener in June, 1916, was in the middle of that vast job. Two years had not brought the end even in sight. We continued to fight indecisive and sometimes disastrous actions. We seemed to be always withdrawing and explaining, while the enemy was invariably advancing and boasting. The whole strength of the Empire seemed only to be coming into play by easy stages, with inordinately long intervals. The croakers croaked, and talked of the Kitchener "legend." Then Fate intervened, and — removed Kitchener.

"See how you get on without him," it said.

—•••—

That is as far as my Kitchener legend has gone. I don't know whether Fate, the author of it, is writing it as an epic or as a satire. We have to live through many terrible years yet before we see what is the intended *dénoûment*. Shall we get on better without Kitchener, or worse? We must hope, as patriots, at least, not worse, and no word of doubt must be uttered as to the capacity of whoever replaces him. If victory is won, it may be victory of one kind or another—military we hope, economic we daresay, political we are prepared to expect. Whichever kind of victory it is, however, it will be agreed that it was made possible thanks to Kitchener.

—•••—

Faults he had, blunders he may have committed. But who else, in the early days of the war, would have raised the Kitchener Army, and kept at top-pitch the enthusiasm of the whole Empire? It was the knowledge that there sat in Whitehall a *man* that inspired countless thousands to throw up all and serve. Had it been anybody else you like to think of—run over in your mind the names of the possible War Ministers of August, 1914!—would the priceless asset of Imperial confidence and enthusiasm have been ours? From whom else should we have tolerated the inevitable delays and disappointments of the first twelvemonth, the fruits of frivolity and unpreparedness in peace time? For which Member of Parliament, for which bureaucrat, would men have endured what they did endure in those terrible days of doubt?

—•••—

The Kitchener legend, when it is written, will be the legend of the Empire Army which Kitchener called into being. For the armies of Lord Derby, for the armies of Conscription, there is much perhaps splendid work to do, which will be well enough done. But it will be the men of the early days who will share with Kitchener the epic glory. Now that he is dead, who will deny to him the honour of giving that army his name?

After K.

THE MAN TO WHOM WE PIN OUR FAITH

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

GEN. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT ROBERTSON, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.

Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He has seen service in India, South Africa and France, in important commands, and has been Director of Military Training and Assistant Director of Military Operations at the War Office. He is 56 years of age

BELLICOSITIES

MENDACIOUS malice has always been a handy weapon with our German foes; and when they claimed to have sunk our *Warspite* they were merely affording one more characteristic example of their own.

THE Hun Admiral who scurried back to his base with all convenient speed after the Battle of Jutland has doubtless arrived at the chastening conviction that to deprive Britain of the command of the seas is a Scheer impossibility.

THERE seems, however, to be no foundation for the rumour that the title of "Flight-Commander" is to be borrowed from the air service and bestowed upon the German Admiral.

HOPES which were raised by a recent *Times* headline—"No Whining or Scolding"—were promptly dashed by the discovery that it referred only to the attitude of the Canadian Press.

THE absurd effervescence of the enemy over his alleged naval "victory" may possibly be accounted for in some measure by the fact that he succeeded in taking home the *Seydlitz*. But the Germans have since had reason to think that the allowance of jam with their powder was wholly inadequate.

APT metaphor was hardly the strong point of the jolly Jack Tar who reported, on returning home, that "we sank their torpedo-boats like peas." If you have ever tried to sink peas you will realise this at once. What the gallant fellow evidently meant to say was that they *shelled* the enemy like peas—and succeeded in giving them beans.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* complains that "officials always say 'the answer is in the affirmative' when you merely want them to say 'Yes.'" Unfortunately, it is only too often what they say when you want them to say "No."

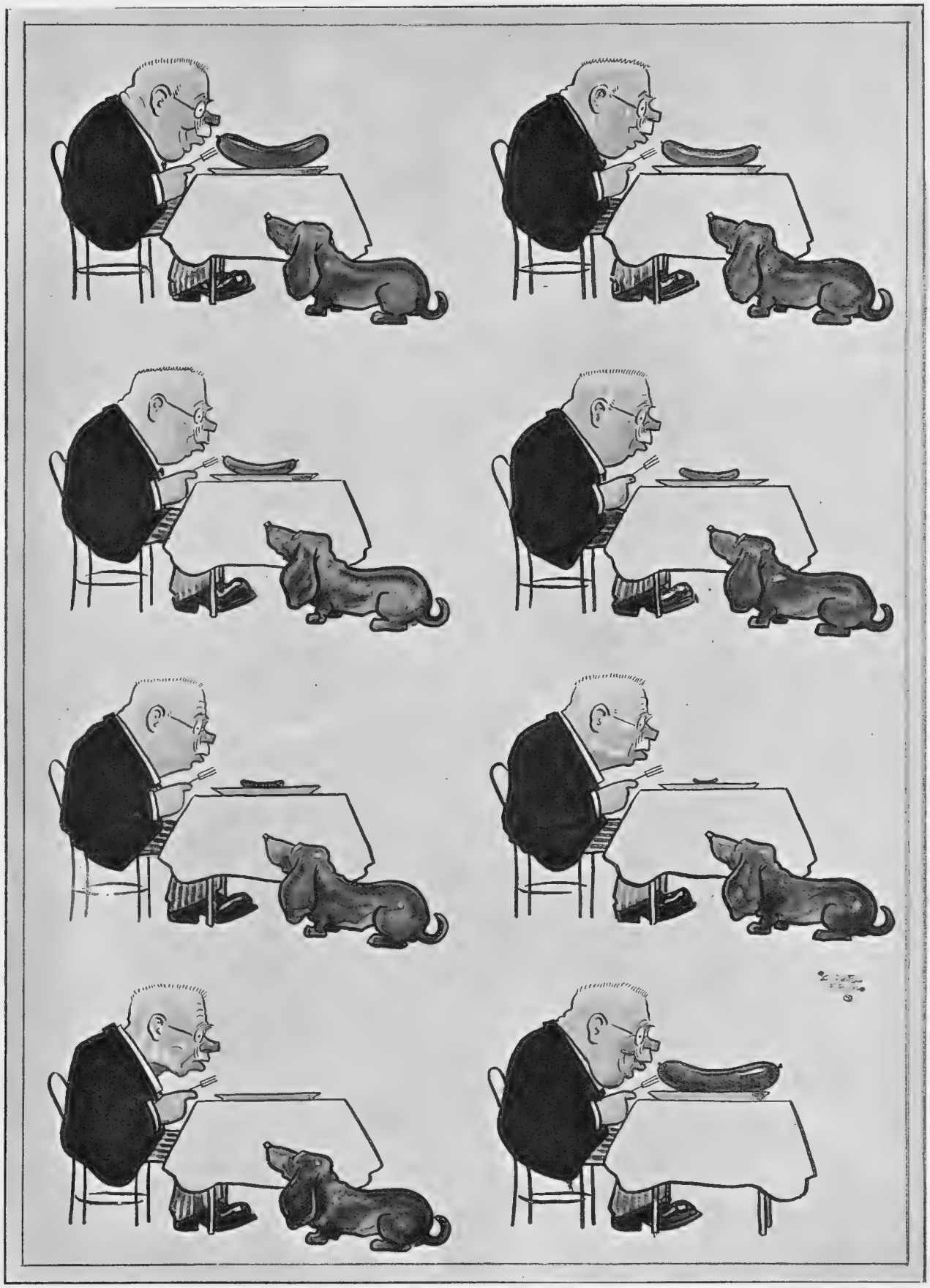
"NO more foreign matches" is the *mot d'ordre* for the duration of the war. So far as German ones are concerned, we may be comfortably assured that its future observance will be permanent, alike in exalted and in other circles.

IT is obvious that M. Venizelos speaks by the card in describing the present Greek Cabinet as "the pawn of Germany." A pawn, we may be sure, that would not be on the board if he himself had happily succeeded in keeping the King in check.

"FED UP"

GENTLEMAN (*to butler who has just given notice*): "But why do you wish to leave, Podgers?"
BUTLER: "I'd rather not say, sir"
GENTLEMAN: "But come, come, I insist on knowing"
BUTLER: "Well, if you must know, sir, I've been 'ere now for twenty years, and I'm absolutely sick of the sight of you and your family"

"Lost Dog"



THE WURST STORY OF THE WAR

Dealings with G.H.Q.

BY JACK JOHNSON

My Dear Bystander

I wonder how many of us ever stop to consider what a tremendous part is played in this great war by the telephone. I was thinking about it only to-day. When I got back to my office this afternoon, after keeping some very discreet observations over a glass of fruity Dubonnet in a little *estaminet* near the station, I found a very urgent telephone message awaiting me from G.H.Q. It was something about a "Driver Screw, R.E., who was missing, and would I find him immediately, please." My interpreter, who happened to take the message, said that there were buzzing noises on the instrument and he couldn't gather any more than what he had told me, but it appeared to be awfully urgent.

⁂ ⁂

So I ran off at once to see the A.P.M. Together we searched the register to see whether the man Screw had ever been supplied with a driving pass. There was no clue in the register. Further efforts to trace him proved of no avail, and I was just wondering who on earth I ought to report to when the telephone bell rang. "It's all right," said a faint voice at the other end. "It turned up this morning." "What turned up?" "Why, the screwdriver we rang you up about yesterday. Aren't you the Ordnance Officer?"

⁂ ⁂

Mind you I am not complaining about this. Not a bit. I am only giving an illustration of the far-reaching effect of the telephone on modern war. Just fancy the time it would have taken, for instance, to have done all this by correspondence.

⁂ ⁂

In the course of one's sojourn on this side of the Channel it is ordained to many to come into frequent contact with G.H.Q. Some there be who find the wizards of this great institution stern, implacable, and swift to anger; others there are (I hear) whose dealings with these mysterious supermen are devoid of all unpleasantness and exasperation. For myself I find them sinister to a degree. Last Friday, for instance, I received a letter by despatch-rider, which read as follows:

"On the 22nd May, Monsieur A. arrived by train at—— from——. Monsieur A. was sent specially with the object of testing the controls exercised in your area. He has reported that he circulated with the greatest freedom, visited a number of cafés, loitered in places where information might have been obtained, and was not interfered with in any way. It is requested that an explanation be submitted, please."

⁂ ⁂

Getting this sort of communication at an early hour in the morning has a most enervating effect upon the system. Any doctor will tell you so. And what a nasty thing to do!

"Submit an explanation, please!" It was not until I had drained a stiff glass of —— tonic water that I felt in a position to concoct a narrative which should explain all.

"In reply to your No. A237yk 12 of the 24th May," I wrote, "with reference to the journey made by Monsieur A. in this area, I was fully aware of Monsieur A.'s presence here. A person (undoubtedly the Monsieur A. referred to) was observed to alight at the railway station on the 22nd May. His movements and associates were carefully noted. He was observed to enter several cafés, with short intervals between each visit, to an extent which aroused suspicion, and to loiter for no apparent reason at places where information might have been obtained, and his whole behaviour was considered unsatisfactory. In consequence of this it was decided to pay this man attention, but owing to the large amount of work on hand at the time it was found impossible to keep him under constant surveillance, and he was finally lost to sight."

A bit thin, perhaps, but the best I could do in the circumstances.

⁂ ⁂

I got an answer back from G.H.Q. this morning: "In reply to your No. 38J of the 24th May, with regard to Monsieur A. The letter addressed to you on this subject was in error. The area visited by Monsieur A. was not yours, but that of ——. With reference to the individual described in your letter, whose behaviour you considered unsatisfactory, please explain why a description of this individual was not circulated immediately?"

⁂ ⁂

And now I am fairly in the soup! I haven't attempted to answer the letter. Meanwhile I am losing flesh daily, and have begun to develop tightness after eating, nausea, palpitations, buzzing noises in the head, faintness, that tired feeling, and all the well-known symptoms. If these lines should, perchance, meet the eye of Monsieur A. he will hear of something to his advantage by communicating at once his identity and address to the Editor of The Bystander. Fully mobilised I will meet him anywhere he likes.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

THE VALOUR OF IGNORANCE

"I think our new Sergeant-Major is a bit of an ass, sir. I asked him who held the Pass of Thermopylæ, and he said he didn't"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! And I bet the old rascal did, you know"

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

His Secret Sorrow

"I reckon this bloke must 'ave caught 'is face against one of them forts at Verdun"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

[Captain Bairnsfather's sketches appear exclusively in "The Bystander" each week.—ED.]

The Bystander in Paris

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED DONKEY

"He opens his mouth and points to it"

Of course it is war-time. You can always be quite certain of this fact in Paris when you are late for lunch or dinner. Because when you are late for lunch or dinner in Paris you go downstairs and wave your stick at taxi-cabs, which turn their noses up at you and pass by on the other side like the good Samaritan on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. Or was it the Levite? And, of course, it's the cabmen who have the noses, anyhow, not the taxicabs. It's a hot day, they are selling strawberries on the barrows, and my terminology is somewhat inexact in consequence.

⁂

In war-time in Paris you are not allowed to want anything between twelve and two, and I really don't know why they haven't made the desire for a cab at meal-times a criminal offence. As I mentioned, you wave your stick at a cabman, and if he takes any notice of you at all, he opens his mouth and points to it with his fingers in a clump, as he whirrs by. That is war-time French for "And what about me? Have *I* then no lunch?" (or "no dinner," as the case may be). So you begin by being angry, and you say rude things to policemen who can't help it, and people collect on the kerb and suggest that if you have money to throw away on cabs you must be a badly disguised spy in the pay of the Boche, and the lady who sells artichokes nods her head to the lady who sells periwinkles, and remarks, "Is it that *I* promenade myself in carriages, me?" and you either dive down the nearest Metro hole like a flushed rabbit (yes I know this is a bad metaphor, but that's what you feel like) or you find a taxi-cab with a white flag, and *then*, of course, for the next fortnight you have to get what nourishment you can from other people's accounts of the dinners they've had. Because a Paris taxi-cab with a white flag uses up more money than anybody who has not robbed a bank can possibly possess. I shouldn't like it mentioned publicly, but I believe the white-flagged taxis to be part of a German scheme for ruining France's finances and so ending the war.

Then it began to rain. It always begins to rain when you are late for dinner and can get no taxi, and you can never get a taxi when it begins to rain. It's no good trying to find out which is the cause of what. It's like trying to find out what *hors d'œuvres* really are or that awful business of the precedence of the egg over the chicken, or *vice versâ*, which not even Mr. Hilaire Belloc can solve satisfactorily. And then I met a cab with a horse in front of it. At least, I bumped into something which fell down at my feet, and a cabman behind it said it was a horse. He told me to look what I do then, kind of an imbecile. I retorted politely that he was a kind of a red donkey. He said "*Si vous voulez*," and I got into the cab. I was not alone. No, I am sorry to disappoint you, but it wasn't. My companions were an athlete and a banker, and we hadn't quite made our minds up where we would go to dinner.

"He said 'Si vous voulez'"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

But the colour of the donkey which I called the cabman was the name of a little restaurant which he knew. Strange how these

"A tiny boy with a huge red umbrella"

things happen, isn't it? If Walter Raleigh hadn't shot that arrow, who knows what the shape of Cleopatra's nose might have been. Beatrice says that quotation is wrong somewhere, but Beatrice always was touchy on the subject of noses. There was a little garden, dusty shrubs in pots outside the Red Donkey when the yellow horse fell down again in exhaustion at the door. There was a tiny boy with a huge red umbrella, who escorted us under the awning, and as the rain stopped just then the banker scratched his—oh, you may say "head" this time, Beatrice, if you like—and wondered whether dinner would be nicer on the terrace (!) or inside. The athlete didn't hesitate. I never can remember whether he does a hundred yards in nine seconds and a fraction or whether it's nine minutes, but whatever it is he did it.

❀

The table he secured inside had the usual number of heroes with weird wounds to right and left of it, but the good Samaritanesses (and I don't believe *that's* terminologically right, either) were quite illogically dinky. One of the peculiarities of 1916 is the disappearance of tall women. Women have to be small, this year, because of the dresses, I suppose, and nobody looks more than sixteen. There would be nothing improbable, with the fortunes cabmen are making nowadays, if haughtiness be any proof, in the notion that our cabman was a judge of character and also a *habitué* (Beatrice says I mean a *nabitué*, and I don't really mind) of the restaurant of the Red Donkey.

❀

It's a tiny wee place, the proprietor of which is so big that I think his establishment must have been built round him. He couldn't possibly get out of it through the one small door. There is a narrow passage up the middle to enable *le patron* and a waiter or two to roll about with the dishes, and lined up against the two walls are beauty and valour in alternate slices. "*This*," said the banker, "say slar!" The banker is rather proud of his French.

❀

Monsieur le Patron didn't ask us what we wanted.

"Nobody looks more than sixteen"

"His establishment must have been built round him"

He told us how to dine. And when the right kind of *patron* does that. . . . Well, all I can say is, *crême d'homard*, which is much nicer than Bisque, baby soles fried perfectly, a chicken which was unblushingly described as a *cocotte*, but which was very tender, some wonderful asparagus, strawberries and cream, perfect coffee, and . . . Beatrice is getting hungry. *Where* is the Red Donkey? *Ah, mais non!* I told you it was a tiny place. And it's always so full as it is.

❀

But if the Kaiser will come to Paris and bring the hungriest of his Generals with him I'll take him to the sign of the Red Donkey, and the banker, the athlete and I will let him watch (fasting, of course, like my own watch) what we can do in the way of dinner here in Paris after nearly two years' war. And I think he will see that it's no good going on, and will want to cry "'nuff."

John N. Raphael

Bright Faces and Brilliant Frock

MISS WINIFRED BARNES
Who is making one of her greatest successes as Mary, Princess of Valaria

SP
One of the four "Season" groups, showing that
twenty hours, but should

WIN
Another and (if possible) even more charming season
effective; but—they don't give the impr

s in "The Happy Day" at Daly's

RING

"The Happy Day" is not a mere matter of four-and-
d-continue all the year round

NTER

onal group. The dresses in this scene are particularly
pression of its being a very *cold* winter!

MISS JOSÉ COLLINS

Who plays the part of Camille Joyeuse, the Queen of Bohemia, with delicacy and skill

"Half-Past Eight"

(at 8.30)

AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

Photographs *E. O. Hoppé*

Miss Elsie Momber, as a "Lily"
(A pretty dress, if slightly silly)
Delights, I confidently state,
The audience at "Half-Past Eight."

Here you see Miss Monica Vance
In a Watteau-Pompadour dress from France.
I like her hat: I like her cane:
I think I'll go and see her again.

The Vision Feminine
What No Woman Wants

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

Strange Tastes

IT is not so easy as you might suppose to find anything which no woman wants. If you doubt me, look at the things disposed of at jumble-sales, look at the extraordinary animals that call themselves (or are called) dogs, and which are cherished by fond and deluded females—look at the married men of your acquaintance! Not all of the latter, by any means, but the sort of man of whom one says: "What on earth could she have seen in him?"

❀ ❀

Likes and Dislikes

EVERYTHING, of course, is bound to be disliked by some women; society, for instance, houses, children, music, minor poets, holy matrimony, and, obviously, old clothes. I have never known a woman to be absolutely proof against the charm of a new frock, but a few really do like old clothes. Those are the ones who hang new frocks in the cupboard and never wear them until they are out of fashion. Some women hate travelling, others cannot bear to stay long in the same place. There are a few housekeepers who positively enjoy changing servants, on the strength, I imagine, of that extraordinary cleanliness popularly supposed to follow in the wake of a new broom.

❀ ❀

Useful Infirmities

UGLINESS is preferred by some to beauty, as being more original, and we all know the perverse woman who delights in being made miserable, who is never really satisfied until she has some excuse for complaint and commiseration. She loves to be petted and "poor"-ed—that is the real root of the matter. How many crimes are committed to arouse sympathy! The partisan of illness belongs to the same category—not real illness, perhaps—though even that has its devotees. A slight indisposition, just enough to justify charming effects in *négligée* attire, is a positive asset to the lazy woman, besides being an extremely useful weapon for the subjugation of family and friends. The tyranny of tears is nothing to the tyranny of mild, but aggressive, ill-health. A well-managed fainting fit has been known to work wonders in even the most unsympathetic surroundings.

❀ ❀

Sour Grapes

A GREAT many women heartily detest their own sex—and are generally cordially disliked in return. Some dislike men, or say they do, but in this case one may be not altogether uncharitable if one suspects the grapes of being sour. It is, perhaps, more dignified to

(*Continued on page 494*)

"A well-managed fainting fit has been known to work wonders"

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 493)

"She can stand disdain, anger, bullying (as a matter of fact she has been known to enjoy the latter)"

say "I could if I would," than "I would if I could—but I can't." There is something not altogether convincing in loathing that embraces a whole sex, in spite of the habit attributed to women of arguing the general from the personal.

❋ ❋

The Unforgivable Crime

THE one thing that no woman, whatever she may say, likes or wants is to be treated with cold respect by the man with whom she is in love. She can stand disdain, anger, bullying (as a matter of fact she has been known to enjoy the latter), jealousy, and actual outrage, but cold respect she cannot put up with. She may, on the surface, accept it as a tribute, but in her heart of hearts it fills her with rage and dismay. Respect is the very last thing a woman in love wants to be shown; it is the unforgivable crime, and for the best of reasons.

❋ ❋

Defensive Tactics

WOMAN is by nature the hunted, not the hunter. Her tactics, her weapons are essentially defensive. When she goes on the warpath she runs away from her intended prey; her challenge is a backward smile, thrown over a retreating shoulder. Her whole object is to provoke pursuit. Not for her is the charge. She sits behind her wire entanglements, prepared for resistance. Her whole strategy is to lure the enemy on to attack her defences, so that she can repel him with heavy loss—to himself. If he refuses to pursue, if he cannot be made to attack, what *is* she to do? That is the whole case in a nutshell. Feminine ethics and training forbid her to come out into the open—she cannot adapt her weapons to aggressive warfare. Any attempt on her part to carry war into the enemy's country is probably foredoomed to failure, as she is perfectly aware. There is nothing so sickening as to have the whole campaign spoiled by the enemy's refusal to play up.

Inglorious Surrender

A WOMAN may declare that she likes respect—it is part of her game to do so. She wants to be able to punish the lack of it. She wants to be able to prove her armour to her own satisfaction and that of the adversary—but how can any armour be proved if it be never put to the test? What is the good of being past-mistress in the art of parrying if never a thrust comes to test one's ability? It is a poor thing for a citadel to be obliged to capitulate with never a blow struck. The garrison may be starved out, but there can be no such grace in surrender as that which follows on a gallant fight. The whole business falls flat.

❋ ❋

The Unshaken Tree

I DO not think that a woman ever quite forgives a man for making her at the end fall into his arms like an over-ripe plum. He should at least have had the decency to make a pretence of shaking the tree, if only as a tribute to her feminine pride. There must be at least the appearance of having to yield to *force majeure*. The woman's point of view is that her love must be won, not merely taken for granted. She is ready to resist, to defend herself to the last ditch; and she is called upon to lay down her arms at the first one—or, worse still, her arms are never noticed at all. All her defensive preparations go for nothing. Her advantage is lost.

❋ ❋

A Wet Blanket

BESIDES, no woman likes to be made ridiculous or to be linked to a ridiculous partner—and there is something ridiculous about the *amoureux transi*. Barren respect does not only show a lack of imagination and understanding on the man's part, it is a denial of a woman's power of attraction—the worst insult that can be offered. And it is the most effective wet blanket to a love affair that could well be devised.

EFFEMERA

"She is ready to resist—to defend herself to the last ditch!"

Gael and Gaul

CORRECT COSTUME FOR ASSOCIATES OF THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH ENTENTE

["*When Peace is restored there is to be a great Franco-Scottish meeting at Toulouse to celebrate the activities of the Franco-Scottish Association.*"—DAILY PAPER]

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Pell-Mell" at the Ambassadors Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

A REVUE at the Ambassadors Theatre has an air of homeliness right from the start. There are, to begin with, Mlle. Delysia, M. Leon Morton, and the versatile Mr. J. M. Campbell; and the hearty welcome that went out to all three on the opening night was more in the nature of a greeting to old friends than the formal reception of merely distinguished artistes. The present Revue seems to be a little more ambitious than its predecessors, and for that reason perhaps the wild and rollicking humour that is usually characteristic of this kind of entertainment is subordinated to the more artistic side of the production. It is true that when M. Morton was allowed to gag in French he was extremely funny, to my way of thinking, but, then, I have the chronic misfortune always to find amusing a witty rendering of a mild impropriety.

❀

PERHAPS the best scene in the Revue is the "Fragonard Impression," which is introduced by the scene preceding it, where we find ourselves in a fashionable club. One of the members is a free and independent street-hawker who was once a very rich man. In his palmy days he acquired a life membership of several clubs, and to one of them, in a nice fit of generosity, he presented a Fragonard that tells the usual story of the gallant and the girl. As the story does not altogether speak for itself, the hawker (Mr. Morris Harvey) amplifies it for the edification of his fellow members; and then the club scene melts away, and we have the picture itself as large as life, with the characters acting the story in dumb show. It is a nice and expensively-mounted piece of work, but interest in it seems to be discounted by the comprehensive description that precedes it.

❀

IN a scene outside the Piccadilly Tube Station M. Morton has to complain that everyone stops to ask him for information. He deplores the fact that since there are so many millions of people in London who speak English perfectly, it should be always he who is selected by strangers wanting to know their way about. The incident is said to be based on personal experience; and it may well be so. At the same time, it is a pity that it should have been anticipated so freely on the Variety stage, where the story is usually told of a man who stutters. One of the wildest laughs of the evening was provoked by M. Morton's reply to a very British grocer's boy. On M. Morton explaining pathetically, "*Comprend pas. J' suis Français,*" the boy, in his natural ignorance of foreign tongues, retorted "Dirty *German!*" What?

SCENE FROM THE BURLESQUE MELODRAMA IN "PELL-MELL"

❀

A VERY good idea is the scene showing the exterior of a provincial theatre with the queue waiting at the pit door, and the usual street busker whiling away the time for the crowd by pavement performances. This scene might well be extended, even to the exclusion of the burlesque melodrama that follows. Melodrama, of course, lends itself very easily to burlesque, but it is not easy to find much that is amusing in this rather bald story of the escaped convict and the weeping wife, and the usual "chee-ild," the last being a little too energetically represented by Mr. Morris Harvey.

❀

A DISTINCT asset of the present company is Mr. Nat D. Ayer, who is, incidentally, responsible for the haunting music of the piece. Mr. Ayer plays many parts with charm and distinction; but his best piece of work is, perhaps, "The Opium Rag," a song rendered amid the gloomy and weird surroundings of an opium den. Then there is that bright particular star, Miss Dorothy Minto, whose duet with Mr. Ayer, "You've got to do it," was one of the hits of the evening. And it is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the charming Delysia managed to find an opportunity during the evening to perform her now well-known feat of putting on her stockings before the audience. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to look too critically at a revue until it has got into its stride, and first night performances of these entertainments are rarely satisfying. I am bound, however, to record my impression that for the moment the humour of the piece lacks the spontaneity which is the essential feature of the successful revue. In all other respects, to wit: lavishness of mounting, good acting, and pretty girls, *Pell-Mell* is a production of quite unusual merit. JINGLE

Ambassadors' Ambitious Revue

"Pell-Mell," the new Revue at the Ambassadors Theatre, showing Delysia at her deliciousest

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

SIXTH PERFORMANCE

SCENE I.: WAR WORK

[*Curtain rises and discovers a Free Canteen somewhere in London. It is thronged with soldiers; and the waiters and waitresses, mostly dukes and duchesses in private life, are dashing to and fro serving their guests.*)

CHORUS: WAITERS AND WAITRESSES

War work! War work!
Work that none would care to shirk,
Work away, all the day,
Work that's twice as good as play—
Waiting on the men.
Waiting on the fighting men,
Home again and back again,
War work! War work!
Waiting on the men.
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! They are waiting!
Mustn't keep 'em waiting waiter, what?
Chocolates and toffee,
Cake and tea and coffee,
Keep the pot a-boiling while it's hot.
Come, oh come, and help to see us through it—
If you'd like it there's a welcome here for you;
If you do it when you like it, and you like it when you do it,
Oh, the men are sure to like it if you do.
If you want to help us through it, you must like it when you do it,
And the fighting men will like you when you do.

[*There is a sudden deluge of warriors, the rush becomes frantic, and the scene changes to*]

SCENE II.: THE PLAINT OF THE SPECIAL

[*It is moonlight outside an Internment Camp somewhere in England. Enter a Special Constable. He looks fed-up, and breaks into*]

SONG: "THEY OUGHT TO BE INTERNED."

As I wander round this blessed camp, a-tramping on my beat,
I think of all the people that one never wants to meet:
The bores that come and bore you stiff; the grouser overfed;
The man who shouts "To Arms! To Arms!" and hurries home to bed—
All these and many, many more my enmity have earned;
And I think it would improve the world if they were all interned.

. . . .

There's the grim and gloomy pessimist, oh he's the limit, quite!
The blighter's blighted Blighty till it's all a blinking blight.
He's a sort of silly censor, of the kind that's got about:
If there's any good news going he just loves to cut it out.
He hates the thought of Victory, and Hope itself he's spurned—
He's become a public nuisance, and he ought to be interned.

There's the hyphenated business bird, so wily and so sleek
That early worms pop back to earth whene'er they see his beak.
His kinsmen aren't as British as you'd naturally expect
On hearing his opinions, which are morbidly correct.
For Britain's health and happiness you'd fancy that he yearned—
But it's only just your fancy; and he ought to be interned.

. . . .

There's the profit-snatching person who considers war was made
To help him raise his prices and improve his local trade,
He's indignant when we murmur; though he heeds us less and less
As he diligently battens on his countrymen's distress.
He's the blot upon our 'scutcheon, and the parties most concerned
Believe that he's superfluous and ought to be interned.

. . . .

There's the gay and giddy optimist who tells us all is well
When clouds roll up as black as night and things are hot as—blazes.
His sunny, silly, sloppy smile would make an angel swear,
When he spots a silver lining, and the lining isn't there.
His brain is soft as butter from the milk of asses churned;
And, as no one really loves him, he had better be interned.

[*Exit sorrowfully and scene changes to*]

SCENE III.: REGGIE AND THE TAXES

[*A place of amusement within the meaning of the Act is disclosed. Enter a celebrated patter singer.*]

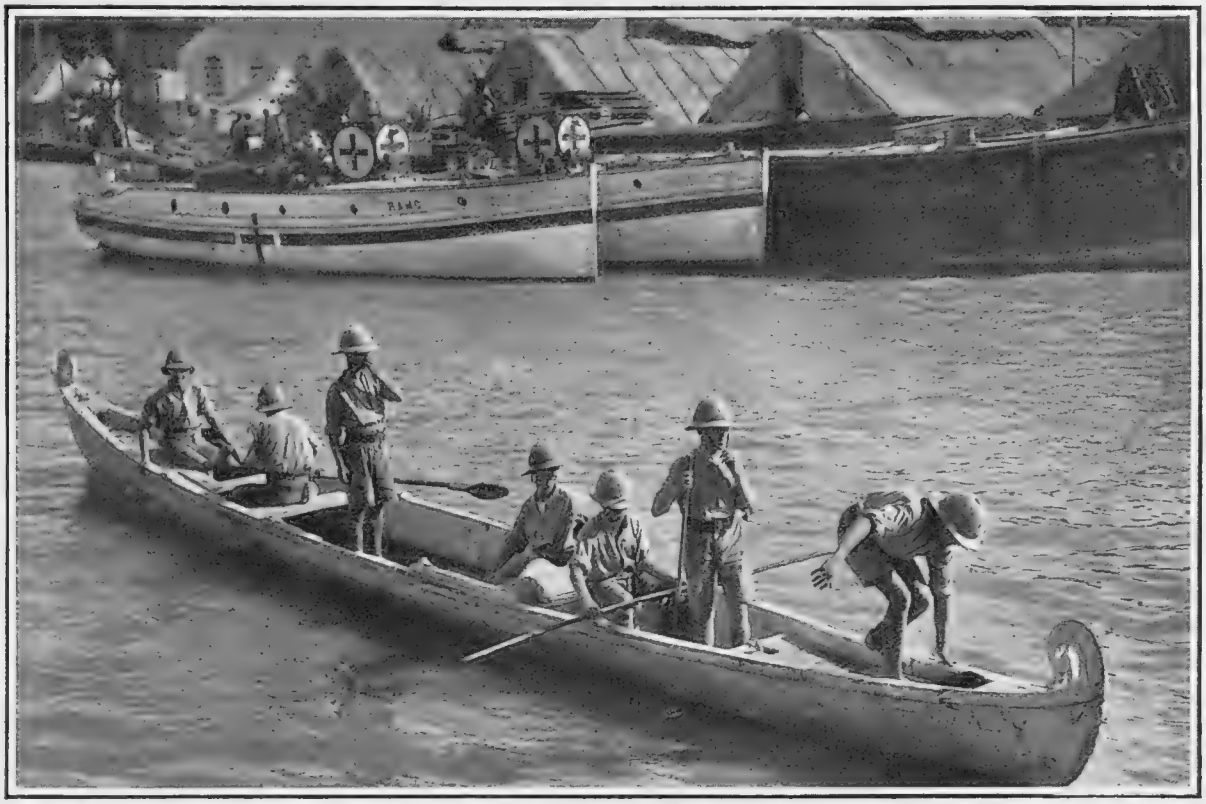
SONG: "REGGIE'S TAXING TAXIS"

Oh! the taxes all have risen, and the fattest man looks wizen
When he comes upon a tax-collecting myrmidon of Mc's;
For from ginger-ale and matches, plays and pictures Reggie snatches
Such profits that the weight of them would break down weaker backs.
Still, there's one thing, and one only, that he's left alone and lonely,
It's the taxi, that's the only thing he's left himself to tax.
But, no matter, soon this patter
Will be heard at parties, pantomimes, at weddings and at wakes:—
"Reggie's taking taxes, taxing taxis for the tax is just the tax on taking taxis that taxing Reggie takes."

[FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK.]

That Blessed Place Mesopotamia

IN MOMENTS WHEN IT MAY HAVE SEEMED COMPARATIVELY BLESSED



THE "BALLAM" (WHICH IS MESOPOTAMIAN FOR "SKIFF")

An unaccustomed craft for the British soldier. "Tommy," however, beirg, above all things, adaptable, soon gets accustomed to its eccentricities

A PLEASANT-LOOKING SPOT

Is Ashar Creek, Basra, though very different from the Thames between Maidenhead and Readirg. The British soldier is determined to have a little boating in his leisure moments; but it is clear there will not be so much inducement to "tie up to the bank" as if he were in home waters

"Jack" Must Have His Page

WHAT THE SEA DOES FOR THE SAILOR

"JACK" is the man the sea has made. He is the creature of the strange sea moods, just as the jungle-folk are slaves of the sun. He loves—ah, does he not! Well, it is the sea that has taught him the trick of it. She has a grey eye, you know, wondrously wistful and tender, and it has laid a spell on him, so that dalliance, and very pretty dalliance, too, has become a habit of his. At times, though, the coquette has her challenge of sparkling blue, and then—well, the less said about *that* the better. Yes, our sea-loving Jack has learnt from the Mistress of the Waters the way to charm the women of the world. And she has taught him to fight, too. When her eye gleams green with a roll and a ruffle of angry white he knows that his lover is thrusting on him a gift of death. And he fights for life itself in her grip as she bellows her chance hate of him. "Jack" has the devil of a time with that mistress of his—year in and year out!

THINGS of this sort leave their mark on a man. They have given us the puzzling, wonderful "Jack" that we love. The Service has had its part in the fashioning of him—but so, of course, have his godfathers and godmothers and all the rest of them. The Service has given him Traditions (hats off, please) and a System (groans, I suppose). Yet the Service and the System must all knuckle under in presence of the Sea. I say again it is the Sea that has made him, and all other things have only been added unto that.

DO not throw potatoes at me if I refer to "Our Island Story" (you might hit "Blanche" if you did, and she does not look nice when she is vexed). But "Our Island Story" has everything to do with it. In the old, old days, I am sure of it, all our best people went to sea. And many of them have been doing it ever since. Any man of spirit who is dumped on an island is bound to go to sea to get anywhere. Run-aways, gad-abouts, scallawags, nice young fellows in a mess, the risk-runners—they *all* went to sea in the old days, and some of them came back. And in the blood of their children there was salt—don't you know. That's how it happened, and a jolly good thing for the British Navy, too!

I AM a bit shaky on history, but I am hot on life. It does not matter if it *wasn't* so when I know that it *is*. I nearly went to sea myself for some of the reasons set out above and for others that I am not called on to detail. (You would like to read them, but—it would not be fair to others.) For the adventurous, the sea is *the* place. One runs delicious risks. The air is a new idea on just the same lines—only those who talk most about it have given up flying and those who fly do not P.-B.!

NOW I come back to "Jack." He is finely elemental because, as I say, he is just what the sea has made him. Jack ashore is Jack afloat with the weeniest little difference. The further he gets from the Sea the nearer he gets to the System. He never sees women afloat (at any rate, he is not supposed to), so he makes up for it on land. And he handles them in just the same jolly masterful way that he cajoles or flogs his Mistress the Sea. Dear lady, if Jack loves you ever so tenderly he loves the sea more. He may see the sea in you (if he is very fond of you), or he might like to see you in the sea (if he isn't), but he has a whole world of wistful, if happily distant, polygamy in the sea herself—a new girl in every wave-crest, to say nothing of white arms in breaking billows and searching glances in the deeps. Ah, these sailor boys, *they* know what life is.

IN the higher things it is danger that gives them decision. The lad with the straight lips and the keen glance who talks to you—so measured in his movements, so terse in his speech—he owes all that to the System. At sea there is no hanging about, no faltering. Obedience follows the command, and all who give orders must in turn and place obey. And to obey an order any one of these sailormen will smile at death, if even they as much as give a thought to it. That is why God has never given breath to a race that will smash the British Navy. This is not Jingoism. It is a grateful and humble tribute to a glorious truth.

OUR heroes in khaki—never would I or any of us say anything that dimmed their lustre. But the sailor, like the airman, gives a double chance to death. Neither has a foothold. If ship or airship goes—there is nothing but water or space. They are neither fish nor birds. They love life just as we do, yet they sail with a grim smile into the hell that is waiting for them and pass through it without a shudder to the Heaven of the brave. When I read of the great sea fight I envy the glorious dead, and I envy the mothers who bore them and the fathers whose sons they were. There is not a man who went into that conflict who has not blotted out the sins of Empire and justified our being before all time. The anguish of the death of heroes dies before the pride of birth.

(Continued on page 502)

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D 72

"JACK" MUST HAVE HIS PAGE (concluded from page 500)

And the sea that they loved so tenderly was there beside them. In her grey depths there was infinite peace for them. Some of them knew that she was the lover to whom in the end they would come. She stretched out an arm and gently drew them to her. And pain passed away when they lay in her breast. Yes, brush away those tears. She is weeping for you with glistening eyes and a proud heart. Her dear lads that loved her have gone home to her. And there is never a little wave but has its wreath for them, a garland of the whitest spray. And for all time light winds like children's whispers will tell of their wonder, and even when the great storms shriek they will but yield majestic homage to men who knew not fear.

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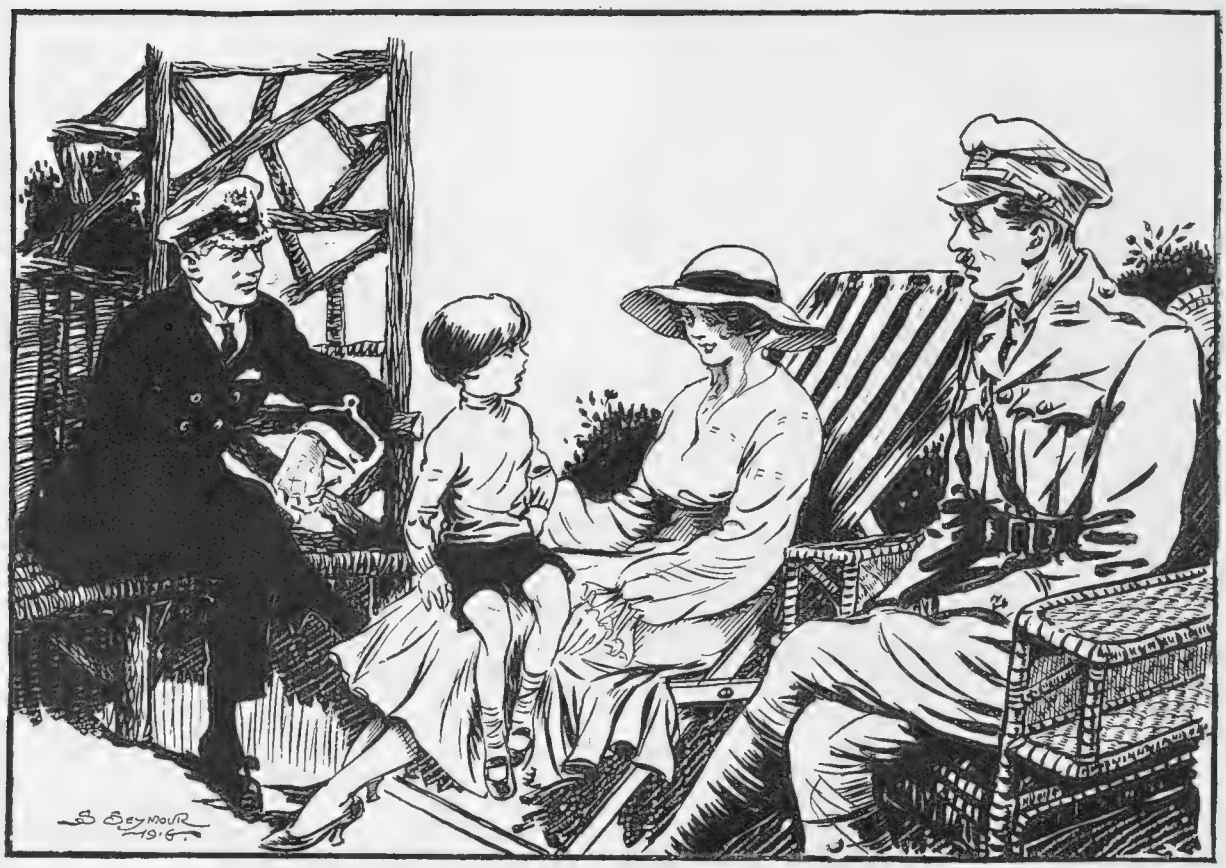
And do you, dear sea, be gentle with our dead!

The sea that the great shells furrowed is calm again. By night the stars stand sentinel over the brave lads' resting-place. In the sun at noon white birds with glad cries skim over the rippling waters. And here in the streets of the great city there are sailor-boys on leave. They but wait the call to follow; the chance to fight. This sea-luck of life and death—ah, what of *that*? There is a flash in the eye, a leap in the blood. They have youth, strength, and fearlessness. They are blood of the blood that has given glory to the waters. They, too, are ready to give a scarlet robe to their mistress, to deck her in mad splendour for a cruel hour and win through high honour to victory.

FOR'ARD ON

So Likely!



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A Book of the Week

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA

Russia in Asia

While we await Russia's slow, but very sure, preparations towards final victory, it is not a little comforting to know of her immense resources in men. These resources become clearer to one after reading such a fascinating volume as Mr. Stephen Graham's *Through Russian Central Asia* (Cassell: 16*s*. net). In the old days our statesmen used to look askance at Russia's march eastwards. India was always being directly threatened at the establishment of each new Russian village in Central Asia. So sure were our fathers that Russia's colonisation was directed against India, that an Englishman could not be made to understand why Russians should wish to occupy these waste spaces of Asia, except to satisfy purely strategic aims.

Mr. Graham's Methods

Mr. Graham, in setting out to explore these waste places, adopted, of course, his own methods—a sort of vagabondage ever eastwards, by train when there was one, by cart when he could find a friendly Khirghiz to give him a lift, once or twice by steamer, as on that vast waterway, the Irtish, the name of which should one day be on everybody's lips, and on foot. He could, doubtless, have written a book ten times as long as the one now before us, but the interpretation of these Russian outposts would hardly have gained thereby in clearness. Here in a comparative short book is the most intimate account of these nearly unknown regions west of Siberia.

The Route

The vagabondage was rudely interrupted by the outbreak of war, but not before Mr. Graham had travelled through Bokhara, Tashkent, Verney, and Semipalatinsk, on the Siberian border. He found for the most part slow, peaceful people and a gradual and ameliorating Russification—with the ubiquitous cinema for ever in advance of the railways, and, incidentally, an enterprising merchant desirous of selling hares in England at something like one halfpenny apiece.

A Delightful Book

There are new travel-books published almost every day in the year, but it is doubtful whether anybody else possesses just Mr. Graham's peculiar qualifications. He may see many things with a too-kindly eye; he may have locked within himself one or two unconscious prejudices; but he is a truly delightful writer, and even those who may feel that at the moment books about Russia are multiplying too fast, will enjoy *Through Russian Central Asia*. There are, by the way, many photographs included, and a couple of appendices which open out a whole vista of important questions dealing with that vague period of which we dream called "after the war." R. S.

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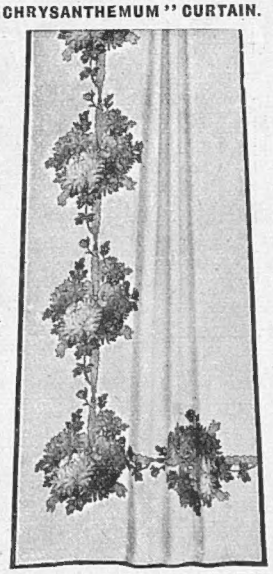

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"Fragments from France"

READERS of THE BYSTANDER who have not yet paid a visit to 190, Strand, to see the Bairnsfather originals, should lose no time in doing so, as the exhibition will be shortly transferred to the provinces. In response to numerous inquiries, I have to announce that purchasers have been found for nearly all the originals, only a few now remaining for sale. Those who have been disappointed in obtaining their particular favourites may be consoled by the news that artist's proofs, printed in photogravure, are on sale, price half a guinea each, or autographed by Captain Bairnsfather, one guinea. All particulars from the Manager, *Graphic* Gallery, 190, Strand.

Richmond Horse Show

"THE BYSTANDER" CUP

FOR the first time since the war the Richmond Horse Show will take place on Friday and Saturday next—in the cause of the Red Cross, and under the patronage of the King and the presidency of the Duke of Teck. Despite circumstances, the entries in the various competitions far exceed expectations, and as horse-breeding is a pastime of national importance there is no reason why the Show should not be largely attended, particularly by the military element, whose interest in horses remains, war or no war. Two new and attractive features will be the "Costers' Marathon," with twenty-six costers' turn-outs, and a great sale of "gift-horses" in aid of the Red Cross.

* *

THE BYSTANDER has a special interest in the Richmond Horse Show because of its Presentation Challenge Cup for the double harness horses, which was first presented in 1912, and has since proved one of the most popular spectacles of the Show. The winner of the Cup for the first two years running was Judge Moore. In 1914 it was won by Mr. T. W. Simpson. The Cup, a photograph of which appears on this page, is a very handsome one of the George III. period, and elegantly decorated, and is the work of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. All particulars are to be obtained from the Secretary of the Horse Show, Mr. C. Capel Smith, of 1, Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

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Some Motoring Affairs

Another Census

THE Defences of the Realm regulators have added another regulation to their super-encyclopædic catalogue. Very necessary, no doubt; but not lacking in the quality of irksomeness to those loyal folk upon whom the regulation falls. If cheerful acquiescence counted to the sufferer for righteousness it would not be so hard to bear; but there is no applause for a ready response, however considerable the sacrifice involved. The only certainty is the pillory of disloyalty if you don't take it lying down.

***

Be Prepared

THIS time it is a penalty if, when called upon by the Board of Trade, you do not at once render a return of your consumption and stock (if any) of motor spirit. And as these orders have a habit of meaning somewhat more than they at first sight appear to mean, be prepared for drastic restrictions of petrol, for petrol permits, prohibition partly or wholly of what Authority defines as pleasure motoring, and similar jolly things. Even (this in reply to my friend Barlow) be-cadillac'd and successful Government contractors are not likely to escape. Well, it can't be helped; so don't kick. You may find "it is hard to kick against the pricks." Besides which, if Authority says it is short of spirit for naval or military purposes, you cannot prove the contrary; and it would be all the same if you could.

***

In a Cleft Stick

THERE are not many motorists in these grave times who would be prepared to set up a protest and risk the inevitably resultant misunderstanding. Our mentors and masters are perfectly well aware of this, and have no fear of trouble arising. The motorist is held very firmly in a cleft stick, from which there is no escaping. He has just a few more weeks before the new taxes and regulations are expected to come into operation, and he had better make the most of them. After that, unless the clouds break, we can just sit tight and get what satisfaction there may be in the spectacle of a Government Department making motoring impossible, thereby upsetting the calculations of another Government Department based upon the assumption that motoring will not be made impossible. Although, come to think of it, we need not wait any time at all to witness that lugubrious sort of peep-show. Some departments have been at it already—in a way to make angels weep.

***

Star and Garter

I HAVE omitted earlier reference to the highly successful Napier concert in aid of the Star and Garter Fund from no lack of desire. Put it down to lack of space. It was a great concert, and the place was packed. The artists, many of them toppers or bottomers of London bills, gave their services. The Napier Company covered all costs so that all the proceeds could go to the Fund. Our own E. A. Drayson stage-managed in company of Brother Wade, of the *Sketch*. Result, a good fat cheque for the fund. ALEX J. M. GRAY

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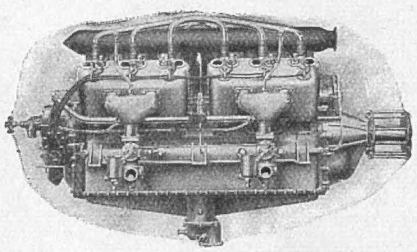

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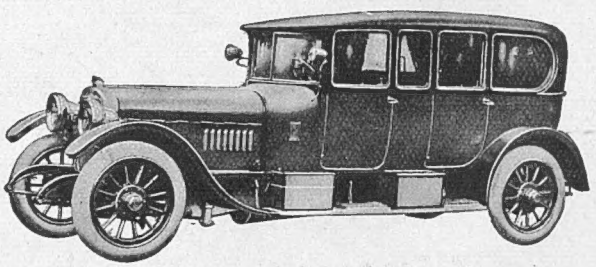

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